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A TEACHER'S ROMANCE.

The shouts of the children filled the air; it was the recess hour, and Gerald Thornton, coming into the yard, followed closely by a little boy, wondered to himself how any one could stand such a racket, seemingly forgetful of his own neisy youthful days.

"Is Miss Arnold the teacher, in?" he asked, addressing a protty girl who was standing in the doorway.

She smiled, and the pink in her cheeks deepened to a beautiful red as she replied, "I am the teacher."

"Ob, excuse me for mistaking you for one of the scholars." To himself he thought, 'She seems very young to have charge of those wild yelling

He called the boy, who was watching admiringly the antics of the boisterous children, and said: "Miss Arnold, here is my little nephew, Willie Young; his mamma requested me to accompany him, for he felt timid This powder never varies. A maryel of parity, strength and wholesomeness. More seconomical than the ordinary kinds, and sannot be sold in sompetition with the multitude of low test, ahort weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

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"Oh, I won't mind it a bit if you are the teacher," Willie declared, going closer to the young lady and gazing up into her smiling face.

"Ha, he is making an early beginning as a courtier; but, indeed, Miss Arnold, I should feel the same were I in his place. I suppose you do not receive scholars of my age—beyond 30 springs and winters?"

His frank, friendly manner was very BUTCHERS, engaging, and the little teacher was sure that she had never before seen such a handsome pair of roguish dark

It was impossible to resist his merry manner, and she replied, with mock gravity, "I have not as yet received any applications from children over 15, and am afraid I could not control one of your age."
"But I would be a model for the

whole school; you would find no difficulty, I assure you," he said, all the while noticing the light in her shy bine eyes and the copper tints in her brown hair. She wore a close-fitting gown of dark

blue and a prettily embroidered white apron, and Gerald wished he were indeed to be controlled by such a sweet, Atlantic & Pacific Railroad. gentle creature. She smiled and blushed, feeling the tone of truth and admiration in his

Cattle Bought and Sold on Comwords; but glancing at her watch. which pointed to the hour of the afternoon school, said: "I must ring the bell and recall my wandering sheep." "Then pray consider my case when you were in a more lenient mood."

Then the young man, with a few KINGMAN, - - ARIZONA. words to Willie and a parting bow to Alice, walked away. When her scholars were dismisse

that evening, and Miss Arnold wended her way home-or, I should say to her boarding place-she thought over the SODA WORKS events of the day, and of the chance meeting which caused it to seem the pleasantest she had spent for a long time. She forgot the vexations so often encountered, the daily annoyances which were usually the subject of her thoughts while dragging her way homeward, tired out by her hard work; instead, she seemed to see the earnest eyes of Gerald Thornton, and his kind and admiring glance.

"I suppose he has a great many fashionable lady friends, and will never even remember my existence." she **GINGER ALE, ETC.**

But, in spite of all, she had a reas suring consciousness that he would think of her a little, and she was not Orders by mail solicited. A train passed swiftly over a crossing.

but not too fast to prevent some passengers in the rear coach from recognizing the occupants of a conveyance which was awaiting the passage of the express.

"General Thornton! And who in the world is his companion?" exciaimed a young lady seated near a window.

"Why, that's Miss Arnold, my eacher," answered a little boy, her traveling companion and our little friend, Willie Young, who was much surprised when his quick glance noted his uncle and much-beloved teacher on such apparently friendly terms. And Miss Bailey plied him with questions CARPENTER, BUILDER Regarding Alice until the train came to a stop at Woodlawn.

Olga Bailey was an elegant-looking girl of 23, an acquaintance of Thornton's, and, in the opinion of her friends, anxious to become something nearer and nearer to him. She was now on JOBBING of all kinds promptly her way to spend a few weeks at Woodlawn, as the guest of his sister, Mrs. Young, who was staying there for the FURNITURE neatly repaired or

Willie and his mamma had met Miss Baily a few stations from Woodlawn WAGON WORK a specialty and to accompany her the remainder of the journey, and she was blissfully contemptating a meeting with Gerald Thornton when rudely awakened by this unexpected encounter. She conalong the line of the A. & P. R. amusing himself with this "common R. solicited and will be prompt-school-teacher" in the absence of better

company.

Olga was generally pronounced handsome; large gray eyes, fair hair, straignt nose and a small, self-satisfied mouth, formed charms which, in connection with a large bank account, attracted many admirers; but what love she could spare from herself was lavished upon an unresponsive young man, who at that moment was enjoying the companionship of the girl whose sweet manner and dark blue eyey had taken his fancy captive at their first

Since then he had met her several times by accident, and several times by design; he had called at Mrs. Brown's with a volume of poems which he had mentioned in one of their brief conversations, and on two or three occasions a bouquet of ex-

quisite flowers had found its way to Alice. This afternoon she had accepted his invitation to drive with him, and showed her enjoyment frank-"Ah!" she said, as they arrived

home in the twilight, "this is an evening to live in one's memory forever. She stood at the gate which opened on the flower-bordered pathway leading to the porch; the soft night breeze stirred the leaves of the trees. Gerald lingered, loath to leave this enchanted

"I suppose I ought to go," he said. "No doubt you are longing for a good night's sleep before beginning your tiresome labors with those troublesome children." She laughed.

"Why are you so savage about my cholars?" she said. "Some of them are nice little things, and I can not allow you to slander them."

"I won't do so any more if you will give me one of these buds," indicating the bouquet she wore in her corsage. "It is a bargain; but the flowers are rithered," she added.

She unfastened one, but in trying to put it on his coat her fingers trembled, and she murmured a few words about her awkwardness. Suddenly her hand was seized and a quick kiss fell upon it. Alice uttered a startled cry and ran lightly to the house, waving good-night from the doorway, and Gerald drove slowly home, not displeased with this display of maiden nodesty.

Miss Bailey was not charmed to find Gerald's manner less lover-like even than it had been before. She had been at the hotel over two weeks, monopolizing his company as much as possible, smiling her most engaging smiles, and using all the arts of which she was mistress to enslave him. But although he had been her companion quite often in rambles through the grounds, and her escort to several places of amusement which the gay people at the house attended, he had not taken advantage of his opportuni-

To-night she came into the perlor where he was seated at the piano lighttouching the keys; her faultlessly made costume of some clinging white material, relieved by a bunch of velvety pansies, set off her handsome figure to advantage, and she looked very fair as she stood in the soft twilight of the room.

"I was sure you were here. I knew your touch on the piano. I want you to try the accompaniment of a song I received to-day, and tell me if my voice is equa! to rendering it. I can

"I am very much honored, and am entirely at your service. Where is

the music? She gave it to him, but said: "Wait until they light the gas. I will sit here while you play for me."

Sinking gracefully into a large chair near by she closed her eyes, and Gerald, with a few laughing remarks, continued his playing. He had been thinking of Alice before Miss Bailey entered, and now, while that young lady was so obligeingly silent, his thoughts strayed back to her. How sweet she was, and so easily startled. She had been even more shy than usual rince the night of the drive, but she could not hide the confiding light in her blue eyes. He was sure she cared for him. Little pet-she was not equal to her hard life; he imagined she looked tired lately; not doubt the hot weather

Here a movement of the occupant of the chair recalled him to the present. Miss Bailey had opened her eyes a few minutes before, expecting to find him admiring her clear profile against the becoming back-ground of crimson velvet; but she was doomed to disappointment, for there he sat, playing away, seemingly forgetful of every-

thing but the music. He did not perceive her chagrin. "My efforts to entertain did not put you to sleep, then?"

"No; but judging from your rapt expression, I think you nearly played yourself into dreamland. Confess the subject of your thoughts, and I will find the penny for you." He reddened slightly.

"No, no! I trust so little in ladies" promises that I must receive the money before parting with my precious thoughts."

He arose and leaned against the instrument as he spoke, gazing down at the graceful girl, who looked up smiling graciously. "Surely in this case you will make

an exception? Surely you will trust me?" throwing into the words a world of expression quite lost on the man whose heart was fully occupied by "No exception! I read the old say-

ings. 'Women were deceivers ever,' But not thy faith in woman,' and as a result my hair is still unsilvered." Olga was weary of small nonsense

Why would be always talk in this strain to her, never verging on anything serious? She moved petulantly in her chair, but said pleasantly enough, "Fortunately for you, brown hair is still becoming."

"Still becoming? Is that a bint at my advancing years? laughing.

Gerald smiled.

directly?"

"I don't understand you," she plied, reddening furiously. 'Oh, yes, you do. And you want to

know all about Miss Arnold. Miss Baily's thin lips turned scorn

"Indeed, Mr. Thornton, you are quite mistaken. I take no interest in people of that class."



HE AROSE AND LEANED AGAINST THE INSTRUMENT.

He looked at her almost flercely. "I beg your pardon; but to what

class do you refer?" "How cross you are!" with a pre tense of terror. 'The working class,

"Oh! How luckly for you that your mother did not share your opinions, Olga! Had she not married an enter prising mechanic who made a fortune by patents, you might never have been an beiress.

"Gerald, that is ungenerous," Miss Bailey cried with a furious look.

"Not a bit of it-only just may as well understand at once that my future wife is not to be despised because she's an honest little girl who works for her bread."

"Your future wife!" The angry rec in Olga's face gave way to pallor. "I beg your pardon; I had no idea that matters had gone so far."

"Pray understand me; I have no yet offered myself to Miss Arnold---"But you are quite sure of her, nevertheless," Olga interrupted, with a mocking laugh. "I can readily understand that. In spite of the boasted simplicity of country girls, they generally know which side their bread is

caring to face the anger blazing in Gerald's eyes. "Whew!" he exclaimed. "What a shrew it is! "Suppose I hadn't met my who told you my story?" lovely specimen? I'd have committed

suicide in a year." Ten minutes later, Olga, standing at her open window, saw Gerald leaving the grounds, and noted with a throb of rage and dismay that he followed the country road which led to the "teach-

er's home. The next day Alice, after dismissing her scholars, came out of the school house, locking the door after her. She was tired, but very happy, for the light of a beautiful love now filled her heart. She hummed a little song as she came down the path, and did not notice an elegant-looking young lady, attired in a tailor-made suit of light cloth, until her attention was arrested by the words, "I see I am too late, I intended calling for Willie Young."

"He started a short time ago," re joined Alice, and the two proceeded or their way together.

"You are Miss Arnold? We hear very pleasant things about you from Mrs. Young's little boy, who has quite fallen in love with you. My name is Olga Bailey."

"You are one of the guests at Wood land's, I presume?" Alice felt almost jealous of this

dashing girl, with such fascinating manners, who lived under the same roof with-somebody. "Yes; it is rather a quiet place, but

promised to join the party here for a short time. It is not my first visit, though; I was here once before with Mrs. Gerald Thornton." "With whom?" gasped Alice.

"Gerald Thornton's wife. I suppose you have seen him? That tall, dark "Yes, yes, I know. And he is mar-

ried, you say?" "Why, yes-has been for years. Is t possible you did not know it?"

"I-he almost a stranger to me-I did not know. Excuse me, but my way lies down this road. Good afternoon." And Alice turned abruptly

"Well," said Ogla, looking after her, "my work was easily done-more easily than I supposed possible. So the little fool knew nothing of Gerald's little, then?" wife? I fancy, my fine gentleman," with a malicious tightening of the thin lips, "that I have put a spoke in the wheel of your love-making, and that you will soon experience some of the misery of unrequited love. A good five minutes' work, truly."

Meanwhile, Alice was rushing home like a frantic creature. The words glistened like steel. "Gerald Thornton's wife?" rang ilke iron bell s, clanging through her brain man she loved so fondly was a married set the day."

Sirt who no doubt laughed at her "Happy man!" The tone was light. Beston Record.

By the way, talking of brown hair, have been so blind, so foolish? She have you ever observed that of Wil- almost hated herself, and was sure she lie's pretty school teacher?" with a hated him. But no one must know what she endured-she would bear her disappointment bravely.

"Now, Olga, you and I are old In the fortnight that followed Ger friends, if you desire information from ald and Alice did not meet. Once, me on any subject, why not ask for it when he called at the house, he was told she had gone to spend the night with a friend; and again, Miss Arnold had a headache, and wished to be excused. He wondered what could be the reason of her refusal to see him; had he said or done anything to offend her? he asked her in a note, to which

he received no reply.

Mrs. Brown handed Alice the note and a beautiful bouquet of pale-tinted beliotrope. She carried the flowers up to her room, where she could read her letter undisturbed. It began "My litgirl," and was signed "Geraid."

"How dare he?" she thought. What must be think of me?" But the note must remain un inswered; she was not the silly crea-

ture he imagined her. She sat at her desk one evening, a week later, having dismissed the children. It was a relief to be alone, and free to drop the cheerful face she was forced to wear before inquisitive eyes. She rested her head wearily on one slender hand and guzed thoughtfully out through the window opposite.

"Alice!" Turning, she saw the subject of her thoughts standing in the doorway; her heart throbbed fiercely, almost gladly. She tried to control herself, but her voice trembled as she said. "Mr.

Suddenly a voice broke the silence.

Thornton, what brings you here?" He noted her pallor and asked 'Child, what is the matter? What have I done that you avoid me? Can it be that I was mistaken in thinking you cared for me a little?"

He bent over her, laying his hand on hers, but she drew it away. "Mr. Thornton, how dare you? I know all-that you are not free. Now

be only retreated a step or two. "Alice, my darling, what do you "Reserve your pet names for Mrs. Thornton." He looked puzzled, and

she continued: "Keep them for your wife, sir." A singular look crossed his face. "My wife! You have heard then

"That you are married? Yes. Oh, how could you-how could you deceive me so?" And her short-lived anger buttered on!" With which coarse gone, she covered her poor face and speech Miss Bailey left the room, not sobbed bitterly.

He looked at her with wistfulness but did not speak, waiting for her to recover hersoif. Then he said, "Alice,

little darling and had married this "Miss Bailey, one of your friends." "I thought so! And she gave you

to understand that my wife still lived?" "Yes." "You believed her, of course?" Alice uncovered her face and looked intently at the speaker, hope shining

in her eyes. "Is it true, then? Are you notnarried?" He walked to the door, gazed for a

noment at the scene around, and then aid, "Alice, come here a moment." She obeyed mechanically. Pointing across the fields to the side of a gently sloding hill, he asked, 'Little girl, do you see that willow in the little graveyard, the one which towers above all rest? In that spot my wife has been sleeping for three long years."



IN THAT SPOT MY WIFE HAS BEEN SLEEPING FOR THREE LONG YEARS." "Dead!" Alice burst into tears. Oh, I never knew; I---"

"How should you, my poor darling? I wished to be sure of your love before I told you my history." She blushed and hung her head. "But oh, Alice, how could you think me such a villain ?"

"Forgive me," she said, humbly, "It was wrong, and yet how could I doubt the assertion of your friend? Indeed, she intended me to think your wife was still living."

"Friend!" Geraid ground a word between his teeth that was not complimentary. "But let us not talk of her, Alice; more important matters engross us now. My pale little darling, you have suffered much! You love me a

She raised her face to his. "Why should I deny what you already know?" she cried, "I do love you, Gerald, better than any one in the whole wide world." . . "Congratulate me, Olga."

Miss Bailey looked up from her book at the sound of Garald's voice, her eyes

"Upon what, pray?" "My approaching marriage with and throbbing in her heart. Yes, the Miss Arnold. I have persuaded her to

"No, indeed! I-I like mature men, simple trust in him. How could she but the eyes were harder than ever.

'This afternoon. I am really water heavy obligations to you, Olga.

"Pray explain; I hate riddles." "And I hate falsehoods." "Fortunately, your likes and dislikes are of no consequence to me, Mr.

Thornton," with a disdainful toss of "Fortunately, as you say; for I can frankly declare, without fear of wounding you, Olga Bailey, treacher-ous and false friend, that I despise

"Mr. Thornton, how dare you? Let me pass, sir!" cried Olga, pale with

anger and some deeper feeling.
"In one moment. I said just now
that I was under obligation to you; do you know why? Because your wicked falsehood has shown me how a good woman can meet misfortune-how her purity may conquer what she imagines to be an unworthy love. I have loved Miss Arnold always; now that she has been tested and found pure gold, I

adore her!" He said no more for Olga, with a cry of jealous pain and rage, fied from

the room. He never saw her again. The ring which glistened on Miss Arnold's hand a few days later was the wonder and admiration of the whole school, and the sorrow of the scholars at losing their beloved teacher was only partly miltigated by their being allowed to witness her marriage. "And all went merry as a marriage

A PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE.

Marked Improvement in the Con-H. G. Haugen, land commissioner of

the St. Paul Railroad, has returned from a visit to his old home in Norway. says a Milwaukee paper. It is thirty years since Mr. Haugen left Norway and, of course, he found many changes. There is a marked im-

provement is the moral and intellecual condition of the people, as well as in the industrial condition. He found in She arose and waved him away, but the country districts more reading was done. Every farm-house contains from one to three periodicals, including, generally, a religious paper, and another weekly. There is great improve-ment noticeable, also, in the matter of temperance. There does not appear to be one-fourth as much drinking as there was thirty years ago. One finds there now Good Templar organizations, Blue Ribbon societies, and the Salva-

tion Army.

One of the chief influences in elevating and stimulating the people intel-lectually, Mr. Haugan thinks, is the great increase in the tourist traffic. The country is fairly overrun with summer tourists. It is estimated that in 1888 summer tourists left \$2,000,000 in Norway, and this smount will be fully doubled in 1889. The Norwegians are well posted about America and its institutions. One can hardly find a family in the agricultural sections that has not from one to half a dozen members in America. The manager of a large watering place, hotel and villa on the western coast of Norway has a brother who is register of deeds in a county in Iowa. American influence is very noticeable, there being more tourists from this country than from England. On every steamer and in every hotel on the coast there are servants that can talk English and they seem able to recognize an American at sight. No more courteous and hospitable people can be found in the world, Mr. Haugen thinks, and there is no more enjoyable place to spend the

summer months than in Norway.

Retort Courteous. A young lady of Mississippi was visiting the blue-grass region of Kentucky and was entertained at a dinner party at the governor's mansion. During the course of the dinner a degenerate son of the governor talked loosely about things in general, and among them of a visit to Mississippi, remarking that he had not seen a pretty woman in his tour through the state. The girl from Mississippi awaited her opportunity, and during a lull in the conversation turned and asked the governor if what she had heard of the gentlemen of Kentucky were true. The governor wanted to know what it was, and the attention of the whole company was directed to the lady's response:

"Well," she said, "I heard that Kontucky gentlemen educate their horses and turn their sons out to grass."

A Strain on the Organ. A clergyman in Boston likes to tell

story of his experience in a suburban church some years since. He was to preach an exchange, and so was a little anxious to have things go smoothly. The pastor had left a written order of service for him, but he noticed that it contained no reference to an organ response after the "long prayer." So he called the aged sexton to the pulpit and asked him what followed the prayer. The sexton couldn't remember. "Doesn't the organ have anything to do?" asked the preacher. "Oh," said the sexton, "I believe the organ does give a few notes, just enough to take off the effect of the prayer!" Another Boston clergyman was once surprised, on preaching an exchange, to find "a strain on the organ" upon the order as following the prayer. When he heard the wheezy, asthmatic tones of the instrument he concluded it was indeed a "strain."-